

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

VOLUME 1.

RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1852.

NUMBER 40.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
SHACKELFORD & JOHNSON.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy in advance, \$2 00
" " six months, " 10 00
" " at the end of the year, " 20 00

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LETTER FROM SENATOR BADGER.

The following letter from the Hon. Geo. E. Badger, a Senator of the United States from North Carolina, is in reply to an invitation to address the Whig Club of Raleigh. It merits the particular attention of whigs who have preferred another candidate for the Presidency to the one who received the nomination of the National Convention.

RALEIGH, SEPTEMBER 21, 1852.
Editor of the Register—Sir: It was my purpose, when I returned from Washington, to attend and address the Club of our city upon the pending Presidential election. Having been prevented, by a cause beyond my control, from doing what I had thus purposed, I deem it proper, in order to prevent or correct mistake or misstatement respecting my position and views, to submit this communication to you, and to ask that it may be read to the Club.
I am a decided and very earnest supporter of the Whig national nominations for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. It is known to you, sir, as well as to many others of my friends, that Gen. Scott was not my first choice for the Presidency; that I preferred Mr. Fillmore, and greatly desired his nomination by the Convention. I will add, in all frankness, that probably no man in the United States was more disappointed, not to say dissatisfied, than I was when that gentleman was passed over.

But what have these preferences, disappointments, and dissatisfactions to do with the important issue now submitted to the American people, and by them soon to be decided? The question is not between Millard Fillmore and Winfield Scott, but between Winfield Scott and Franklin Pierce; and, assuming the superiority, in point of qualifications, of Mr. Fillmore over General Scott, it by no means follows that the latter is not immeasurably above Gen. Pierce in his claims upon the nation, and especially the whig party. For Fillmore whigs to retire in gloomy discontent from the contest because the whig of their choice was not selected by the Convention, is to give a preference to men over principles, to names over things; for such whigs to join our opponents and make war upon the nominee of the party, is to desert Mr. Fillmore himself, to repudiate the course he recommends and pursues, and to involve themselves in the pitiable absurdity of supporting democratic men and measures, out of an extreme and exclusive zeal for whig measures and for a decided whig supporter of whig measures.

Is not this so? Let us see: Winfield Scott was nominated by a general Convention of whigs from all the States. That Convention, previous to his nomination, had adopted a set of resolutions embodying the principles of the whig party. General Scott has accepted both the nomination and the resolutions. To these resolutions no whig, at least no Southern whig, so far as I know, takes any exception. To abandon the nomination, then, so far as this contest is concerned, is clearly to abandon the principles themselves. It is to prefer democratic measures to be carried out by a democratic President, to whig measures to be carried out by a whig named Scott, when these same measures are admitted to be altogether excellent, and to be greatly desired, if carried out by a whig bearing the name of Fillmore. Now, if any man prefers the principles of the democratic party, then it is his duty to support the nominees of that party, but how, in the name of reason and patriotism, can a whig support for President one who will, in the administration of the Government, oppose what the whig believes right, and support what he believes wrong, merely because a different whig has been chosen by the representatives of his party from the one he preferred, to support the right and oppose the wrong?

Again: The Southern whigs were represented in the Convention. A platform of principles was proposed and adopted which met their approval. General Scott was nominated, and the nomination was then ratified and confirmed by those Southern whigs

tatives. How then in honor can we, Southern whigs, refuse to support this nomination? It was known to all before the Convention that General Scott's name would be presented to that body. No whig State Convention entered any caveat, interposed any objection against his nomination, or instructed or intimated to their delegates that his rejection should be insisted on. All that Southern whigs deemed indispensable was that their candidate should be a true whig and pledged to support the Compromise. These conditions fulfilled, they every where pledged the nominee their support. These conditions are found in the nomination, and how then can we, with good faith, refuse to sustain him any more than his friends could have refused support to Fillmore had he been selected by the Convention? Such a refusal on their part we should have regarded and denounced as an act of treachery and baseness; and from this may learn to estimate the true character of such a refusal on our part.

It has been said that Gen. Scott has not heartily adopted, does not approve, the platform laid down by the Convention. How is this ascertained? Not from any thing he has written or spoken. In his letter to the President of the Convention he accepts the nomination and the declaration of principles annexed. What he says of the nomination he says of the declaration, and no more. If, therefore, what he says amounts to an approval of one, why does it not also of the other?

But, in fact, no man was more decided in favor of the measures of compromise, one and all, than Winfield Scott; and when he pledged himself to that series of resolutions, one of which asserts the final character of the compromise, the fugitive slave law included, he only pledged himself to what he always approved, and had exerted himself to have passed. Of this the proof before the public is full and ample—so full and ample that no ground is left for denial or doubt.

It has been made an objection to Gen. Scott that he wrote nothing on the compromise before his nomination. If this is an objection, does it not apply with at least equal force to Gen. Pierce? He was specially interrogated by Mr. Scott, of Richmond, and made no reply, or, if he replied, that reply has been withheld from the public. But the question for us is not when Gen. Scott wrote but what he wrote; and the position he now occupies, and which he has all along occupied, is decided and hearty support of the whole compromise in all its parts as a final settlement. What more can be required?

It has been objected to Scott that Seward, Greeley, and Weed support him. Well, do not both the Van Burens, Preston King, Hallet, B. F. Butler, David Wilmont, the father of the odious proviso, and many others of like abolition opinions support Pierce? If the support of the latter candidate by Abolitionists is entirely consistent with his soundness on the slavery question, how, in fairness, can it be alleged that some of like opinions, argues any unsoundness in him upon that question? Is it supposed that Seward will influence Scott? And shall Pierce not be influenced by such men as the Van Burens, and King, and Hallet, and Butler, and Wilmont?

But, sir, could we have nominated any candidate to whom our opponents would not have alleged a like objection? Had Fillmore or Webster been nominated—for the injustice done to whom the Locofoco press have expressed such indignant complaints—would he not have been charged by that press in the South with abolitionism, or at any rate with being unreliable for the South; while at the North he would have been every where arrayed as a pro-slavery man, unfit to be trusted by Northern freemen? Surely he would. Why not? Scott has been charged with cowardice, and surely they who make this charge would not have been withheld by his menacity from charging Webster or Fillmore with abolitionism.

It appears, then, sir, to me, as Mr. Fillmore has said, that Gen. Scott is entitled to the support of every true Whig. Surely we of the South may well confide in him. Born and reared in a Southern State, accustomed to slavery from his infancy, having his relations and the friends of his youth here, what is there in the antecedents of his early life to justify distrust? Honorable in his principles, true to his engagements, and shown in his past life to be far removed from all that has the appearance of fraud or duplicity; a brave soldier, a true patriot, with his name renowned throughout the world for what is noble and lofty and generous, he cannot but be found faithful in every future as he has been in every past emergency. He is a whig, a well-known, long tried whig; he holds our opinions and will maintain our measures in the administration of public affairs. Let us, then, either give him our support or else acknowledge that there is nothing valuable in Whig principles, and dissolve our party organization at once and for ever.

I have made no reference to Mr. Graham, nor do I do not share with you the honest pride of every North Carolina whig in the nomination of that gentleman, and the hearty desires for his election, but because to him no exception has been taken or can be taken. Eminently qualified as the second office, charging the duties of the demands of, and fully equal to all the demands of, the first, should he be called to fill it, every North Carolina whig should feel a just and honorable State pride adds force to the general considerations of patriotism and duty which require him to give a full and energetic support to the Whig nominees. This, for one, I shall certainly do.

Respectfully, your ob't. servant,
GEORGE E. BADGER.

He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

Address of the Whig Central Committee.

We trust every Whig in the State will read the following address and carry out the suggestions advanced in it:

TO THE WHIGS OF KENTUCKY.
You are in the midst of an important and fiercely contested Presidential canvass. The great principles of conservative free government, so dear to every American Whig, are assailed with redoubled energy. In former Presidential contests you have battled zealously for the success of your cherished principles, and victory has uniformly crowned the whig banner of Kentucky. Now, as heretofore, we have an abiding confidence in the truth of our principles, the justice of our cause, and the superior merits of our chosen leaders, Scott and Graham.

We urge upon our friends in the different counties of the State to give their immediate attention to the all important duty of organization. Let every whig regard this appeal as addressed to himself individually. All have a duty to perform in this respect—all can do something in aid of this object. Duty to the cause and to our candidate demands that all should cooperate in this work of organization.

The signs of the times are auspicious. Every indication, not only in Kentucky, but throughout the Union, is favorable to the success of our candidates. Never had the Whigs more powerful incentives to unite effort than the present time—never a more encouraging prospect of a complete and crowning triumph. Will you not, one and all, put forth the exertions essential to so glorious a result?

WORK. WORK. from this time until the election, to bring the issues fairly before the people. Work for the Old Hero who has worked forty years for our country. Repel the slanders upon his fair fame, by spreading abroad the glorious facts of his gallant life. Now is the time for active effort, to arouse our friends so as to secure a full turn out of the Whig strength at the polls. Let their be a full vote, and Kentucky will go for Scott and Graham by a very large majority. Bring out all the voters.—This once accomplished, and the triumph is ours. Fellow-Whigs! Look to it!

JAMES HARLAN,
A. G. HODGES,
THOS. D. TILFORD,
W. T. HERNDON,
ORLANDO BROWN,
JACOB SWIGERT,
J. B. TEMPLE,
Whig Central Committee.
FRANKFORT, Oct. 6, 1852.

Three things to love—Courage, Generousness, Affectionateness.
Three things to admire—Intellectual power, Dignity, Gracefulness.
Three things to hate—Cruelty, Arrogance, Ingratitude.
Three things to dispise—Meanness, Affectation, Envy.
Three things to reverence—Religion, Justice, Self-Denial.
Three things to delight in—Beauty, Frankness, Freedom.
Three things to wish for—Health, Friends, a Cheerful Spirit.
Three things to pray for—Faith, Peace, Purity of heart.
Three things to esteem—Wisdom, Prudence, Firmness.
Three things to like—Cordiality, good Humor, Mirthfulness.
Three things to suspect—Flattery, Self-righteousness, Sudden Affection.
Three things to avoid—Idleness, Loquacity, Flippant Jestings.
Three things to cultivate—Good Books, Good Friends, Good Humor.
Three things to contend for—Honor, Country, Friends.
Three things to govern—Temper, Impulse, the Tongue.

YOUNG MEN.—The most anxious moment in the history of a young man is that moment when he forsakes the paternal roof, and goes forth into the world to seek a livelihood. The interest of life is crowded into that period. The tears of a mother, the counsels of a father, consecrate that eventful moment. Away from old associates, and settled in some new home, how apt the former restraints are to be thrown off! The trial of virtue now comes: the test of principle is now applied. If he hold fast his integrity, the prayers of his father and mother, rising off when the still dews are falling, will bring blessings as thick as the manna that fell round the camp of the Israelites, down upon his path. But if he prove faithless, then will memory embitter his life; then will his parents welcome the grave, that they may hide their dishonor in the dust.—Exchange.

THE REASON WHY BENNETT OF THE NEW YORK HERALD GOES AGAINST GEN. SCOTT. Two or three summers ago, Gen. Scott was spending a short interval of leisure at that delightful resort, Newport, R. I. While sojourning there, one morning at the breakfast table, he asked one of the servants for a newspaper. A lady sitting opposite, a perfect stranger to him, reached across the table with a newspaper in her hand, saying—"Gen. Scott allow me to furnish you with the New York Herald."

"I thank you, Madam, very sincerely," returned the General, "for your kindness—but I never read the Herald."
"Do you know, sir," retorted the lady, with the utmost indignation painted on her countenance—"do you know, sir, that I am the wife of Mr. Bennett, the editor of the Herald?"
Gen. Scott—"I certainly did not know Madam, that such was the case, or I should not have been guilty of making the remark that has just passed my lips. But, madam I have said it and it cannot be recalled."

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister. "I see the sleepers are very sound."

A Patch on both Knees.

The following is one of the cleverest essays we have met for many a day.—Similar in style, it is not inferior to Franklin's best:

When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers term the bracing air of poverty. My mother—light like the turn upon the form which once enclosed her sweet and gentle spirit—was what is called an ambitious woman; for that quality which overthrusts thrones and supplants dynasties finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told, some would smile, and some to whom they would teach their own experience would sigh. But let me not disturb the veil of oblivion which shrouds from posterity eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion, it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than myself, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken, to give me a smart appearance to my patch and dilapidated frock, and to conceal the real state of things which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by the way of showing my appreciation of gentility, my red toothbrush was enclosed in the unfamiliar testing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart was lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly flattered in the breeze; his hat was constructed upon the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossils shoes—the very ones in which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gait, and an "I'm as good as you're in his eyes—the very whelp to throw dirt at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well dressed, to fear a boy's ruffles, because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eyes indicated the practical inconsistency which had actuated my costume and, taking me by the shoulder, turning me around with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, *A patch on both knees, and gloves on!*

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line by the immortal Tuscan—"That day I wore my gloves no more." But the lesson, so rudely enforced, sank deep in my mind; and in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the ridiculous inconsistencies which so often mark conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them teachers in music, dancing and drawing; but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life can come; never teaching them the habits of self-reliance and self-control, but rather, by example, instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think with a sigh, of the patch on both knees and gloves on!

When I see a family in cold, selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on!

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tatty annuals, I am reminded of the patch, on both knees and gloves on!

When I see public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honorably the post to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees and gloves on!

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, putting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasure of their natures and so perverting their humanity, that which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be sorrowed as an end, I say to myself, "A patch on both knees and gloves on!"

When I see thousands spent for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies beset and bejeweled, cheapening the tools of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, when the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on!

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, or excellent wife, cumber not yourself to me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or a bedchamber made at too great a cost; these things, if they are curiously in any village; but rather let the stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparsely and sleep hardly to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.—Emerson.

POETRY.

[From the Louisville Journal.]
The Scream of Life.
BY J. D. R.

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Hebrews—13, 14.
I saw a streamlet gushing forth,
"All the stern mountains of the North—
A pure pellucid tide;
While o'er it bent, in modest green,
The sylvan daughters of the scene,
Guarding its infant life."

I saw it trace the auburn vale,
Rubbing its story to the goal,
That sighed along the reath,
Till, broken o'er the mountain's brow,
It fell with murmur soft and low,
Upon the plain beneath.

Thence disappearing in the glade,
Yonder it leaves the forest shade,
And climbs the mountain's brow,
Again through rustling vales to weep,
Or, girdling o'er the mountain's steep,
A dubious race to run.

Its frequent calms but seem to sigh—
"How distant seems the shore!"
And, as its murmur meets my ear,
Sounded like far-remote notes of prayer
That all its toils were o'er."

So, like that stream, my chequered life
Tells but a tale of hope and strife
By gain and a slow river,
Yet which shall pierce the clouds that fly
Across my dark and chancelled sky,
Rising above the heaven!

Concludes, Mess., Sept. 6, 1852.

It Won't Do.
It won't do, when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an "all-fired scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure that he is not sitting before you.

It won't do when snow-drifts are piled up mountain high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting, to ride out with a beautiful, lively, fascinating girl, and not expect to get "smashed" with her.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him, to kick back at the horse in return.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a Legislature, fed at the public crib, will sit but six weeks, when two-thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone, because he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

It won't do when a mosquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist, under an impression that you are killing the mosquito.

It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl is indifferent to him because she studiously avoids him in company.

It won't do for a young lady to presume that more than a third of the gentlemen who show her pointed attentions, have the most distant idea of marrying her.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him because she has always endured his company.

It won't do when in a hurry, to eat soup with a two-pronged fork, or to try to catch fleas with a fish-net.

It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face until you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply implicitly with her request when she asks you, "Now, tumble over the cradle, and break your neck, my dear, won't you?"

"That is a Boy that I Can Trust."

"I once visited a large public school. At recess, a little fellow came up and spoke to the master, as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, 'That is a boy that I can trust.' He never failed me." I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that little boy earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community.

I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by older people: every boy in the neighborhood is known and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed him," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school, are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful in much. Be sure, boys, that you earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God has placed you, and your duties are not so much given you by teachers, or your parents, as by God himself. You must render an account to them, and you also will be called to render an account to Him. Be true—be true.—Child's Pa.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is with us, that we are powerless, and he all powerful, and the last faint pulsations here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter, we feel in the midst of stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provisions to soften its intensities. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, shield the darkness that evilous us.

[From the Cambridge City (Ind.) Review, 2d.]

Testimony of an Old Soldier.
Conversing the other day with an old and respectable citizen of this place, and one well known to most of our readers as having served a number of years under Gen. Winfield Scott, we were much gratified with the old man's enthusiasm when speaking of his former commander. He had just been listening to the base slanders against the Hero of Lundy's Lane, that are now flooding in the country and are in the mouths of every puny Locofoco party tool in the land. Said he: "When I hear these charges brought against my old commander and friend, (for he was indeed the soldiers' friend) my very blood boils again! old as I am my heart throbs with the life of youth when these miserable lies are told—and I feel the strength, and the will too, to punish the insults on the spot!" He afterwards (at our suggestion) sent us a statement of a number of instances connected with his life in the camp and field which we take pleasure in publishing to the world:

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 27th, 1852.
MR. HUNT—I wish to say through your paper to the public a few words about General Winfield Scott. I have served under him about five years, and ought to know whether the charges brought against him are true or false. As I said before, I served under him five years. During the Black Hawk war I was his day or dory, and part of the time Hospital attendant. I belonged to company S of the 2nd Regiment; we started from Niagara. The cholera broke out among the troops on the passage from Buffalo to Chicago, and on board of our boat nearly a fourth died. At Chicago, Rock Island and Spring Wells, the deaths became still more frequent, until the number of troops were reduced to less than half the original number. Out of our company (52 men) there were but thirteen left. I have seen Gen. Scott brave death upon the battle field—there his bearing was bold and stern, he was every inch a soldier—our boast, our pride.
But it was in sickness, in distress, in death, that we found he loved us. No mother ever nursed her own dying child more tenderly, than Scott his troops. I have seen him stand for hours trying to restore circulation to the cramped limbs of the dying—and when he found his efforts useless, I have seen the hot tears fall like rain upon the blackened face of the poor, dying soldier, whose fast glazing eyes looked love and gratitude. Fully one-half of our company were Irish, who were cared for just as tenderly as native born Americans. Scott never was partial, all were treated alike.
Shall I be told after this, that Gen. Scott is—but I will not repeat the slanders stamped by every true freeman as base falsehoods, but will say this in conclusion—I have heretofore been a Democrat, and have voted the Democratic ticket. But if I live till next November my vote shall be cast for Gen. Winfield Scott.

JOSEPH B. TYLER.
Don't Like the Meat.
Pa. Flannery, is not only an efficient police officer, but something of a wag. Fond of a good joke, he never misses the opportunity of playing one. A few evenings since, he was sitting on the Uncle Sam corner, fronting the levee, when a "long lank" Washabuck hand passed him, holding in one hand an "acre" of gingerbread, and in the other a huge bologna sausage. At almost every step he would satisfy the cravings of his stomach with a bite from each of the afore-said articles. Pat no sooner saw him than he determined on a joke.

As the Hoosier passed Pat, a rat ran across the sidewalk, at which he wickedly made a kick.
"Leave that rat alone," yelled Pat, as if angry.

"Leave that rat alone," repeated the hoosier, looking at Pat, with his mouth full of bologna; what do you want a fellow to leave that rat alone for?"
"Because it belongs to me, and I will not have it abused."

"Belongs to you? What on airth do you do with rats?"

"Make bologna sausages of them, sir; and right nice they make, too."

The Hoosier waited for no more, but emptying his mouth of its contents, and flinging his bologna as far as the strength of his arm could send it, hastened to the nearest grocery for a three cent dram, to, as he expressed it, "take the darned rat taste out."

A Few once lent a large sum of money to a man for whom he had professed great friendship, but instead of charging the usual rate of interest, 6 per cent, he charged 9 per cent. The borrower remonstrated and asked the old usurer if he did not believe in the existence of a God.

He replied he did.
"Do you not fear, then," asked his debtor, "to exact an unlawful interest from an old friend, in His sight?"

"Ah," exclaimed the old Hebrew, with a grin, "I have thought of that, too; but when God looks down upon it from above, he'll appear like a 6!"

THE PIETY OF THE WORLD HATES.—It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an objection of universal love and veneration.

But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.

Since the Liquor Law came into force in Maine, great quantities of bottles, labelled "Day & Martin's Blacking," have been imported into that State; and yet it is not observed that the boots are cleaned thereby.

The Cincinnati Price-Current says that "old red eye" is always made from "sound corn," and proves it by the admission of an extensive distiller that "he had used corn so rotten that the hog's wouldn't consume the slop."

The Secret of Good Writing.

The grand secret of good writing seems to be in this simple maxim. Be sure you have an idea before you attempt to express it. If you clearly comprehend in your own mind what you wish to communicate, nature and reason, together with a little practice, will most certainly teach you how to say it, and how to say it in an appropriate manner.

A single idea is fully sufficient for one mind to manage at one time. And it may be added that if the idea is of much importance, it would be the most dignified by being honored with a private carriage.

Divide and conquer, is as valuable a rule in literary as in military tactics. The more extensive the theme which the writer proposes to himself, to discuss, the less, usually, he has to say upon it. Such subjects can be mastered with ease only by descending from generals to particulars, and treating of the subjects in their individual parts.

There is nothing more popular, especially with young writers, that brilliant style. This manner of writing is certainly excellent in its proper place, but there are many topics which do not require this quality, and many indeed are much injured by it. The language of every dissertation should be that which is best calculated to express the thoughts in the happiest manner.

As the rays of the sun will not kindle a blaze unless brought to a focus, so the thoughts of the writer will not set the hearts of his readers on fire, unless all are made to converge to a single point.

Some writers seem unable to express themselves in a cool, rational manner on any subject. With them every virtue is god-like, every fault is loony, every breeze a tempest, every molehill a mountain. They appear to think their manner of writing is sublimity; but their judicious readers (if they have any such), call it turgidity and absurdity.

The design of language is to give expression to thought—that style of writing, therefore, must necessarily be the best which most perfectly conveys to the reader's mind what the writer intended he should understand.—Gosha.

Important Discovery.

At a recent meeting of the Horticultural Society, London, various dried vegetables; peas, beans, Brussels sprouts, carrots, turnips, etc., were exhibited from Peyrussett, Moller & Co., of Paris. They were dried by a process peculiar to M. Gannal, the celebrated embalmer of animal substances. This process is understood briefly to consist in dividing the larger vegetables into pieces, and placing them in an apparatus into which dried air is driven, until they have parted with all water and become perfectly dry. In this condition, they may be preserved for any length of time; and it is said that their flavor is not interfered with, inasmuch as nothing is taken from them except the water they contained, and that, after being cooked, they are just as good as when freshly gathered. If these facts, therefore, are borne out by experience, the discovery is a very important one, even as regards vegetables, and more especially as regards ship owners, for they can be furnished in this state in quantity, and at a very cheap rate; but, in addition to vegetables, fruits, as apples, pears, apricots, etc., and even flowers, may be dried and preserved by the same process, and owing to the rapidity with which the drying is conducted, the latter retain their natural color almost as brightly as when first obtained from the garden. In confirmation of this, several dried specimens were exhibited. It is to be hoped that additional information will be furnished on the subject.—Ex.

LETTER FROM MR. FILLMORE.—A letter from Mr. Fillmore has just appeared in Columbus (Miss.). Argus, which thus nails another Locofoco slander to the counter. By the way, this operation of nailing Locofoco slanders has got to be so common a one—so much a matter of necessary consequence, as to make it scarcely worth while.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 7, 1852.
"Sir: Your letter of the 25th ult., is received. You say that it has been removed since the Whig Convention at Baltimore, that I sent a telegraphic dispatch to my friends at the Convention 'to go for Webster and save the party,' and you desire to know 'whether this is true. In reply to which I now state that it is not; that I made no telegraphic communication during the sitting of the Convention to any member of it; or to any other person for his information."

I am your ob't servant,
MILLARD FILLMORE.
D. H. LINDSAY, Esq., Huston, Miss.

"Hello, stranger, what are you peddling?"

"Quack medicines."

"All right—go a head; I've got lot of grave stones."

"Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stranger goes in, gets his drink, comes out and finds his horse missing."

WEEKLY MESSENGER.

J. M. SHACKELFORD, EDITOR.
R. H. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER 15, 1852

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1852.
GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT
FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
WM. A. GRAHAM, OF N. C.

ELECTORS FOR THE STATE AT LARGE.
JOSHUA F. BELL,
OF BOYLE.
CHARLES S. MOREHEAD,
OF FRANKLIN.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.
1st District—LUCAS ANDERSON, of Graves.
2d District—JOHN S. McFARLAND, of Davies.
3d District—JOHN G. ROGERS, of Barren.
4th District—THO. E. BARNETT, of Adair.
5th District—JOHN L. HALL, of Hardin.
6th District—CURTIS F. BURNAM, of Madison.
7th District—JOHN RODMAN, of Oldham.
8th District—T. F. MARSHALL, of Woodford.
9th District—LEONARD M. COX, of Fleming.
10th District—THOS. B. STEVENSON, of Mason.
MAJ. R. RUSYON, of Madison County.

DON'T FORGET
That the Presidential Election takes place on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2d, and continues one day only.
The polls are to be open at 6 o'clock, A. M., and close at sunset.

DO YOUR DUTY.
In a little over two weeks we shall all be called upon, as American citizens, to cast our votes for men to fill the highest offices within the gift of the people. Of the success of our candidates we have not a doubt; they are sure to be elected. But there is a prevailing disposition with the masses to meddle and trouble themselves about the result in other countries, without once thinking of home. Every man, it matters not how humble his position, can do something for the cause—he can vote right and induce others to do so.

The sphere of every man's duty and action lies immediately around him. Let us, then, resolve that our country and our State shall be right, and our efforts will be crowned gloriously with success. Every inch of ground we have gained and now occupy, has been surmounted by difficulties and retained by industry untiring and perseverance unceasing. Our opponents have for weeks been endeavoring to rally their confused and distracted army, but every effort seems abortive, and every attempt a glorious failure. Now, whigs, while they are disconcerted and disbanding, and their defeat is inevitable, let the proud watchword be "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Let it be our unerring guiding star, and when the present contest is ended victory will be written in indelible characters upon our standard and the syren-song of triumph will be heralded throughout the land. We, like the New York Tribune, have believed from the beginning that Gen. Scott would be elected our next President. This belief was never more firmly entertained than it is to-day. And we see nothing to shake this conviction. Yet we feel and know we have a hard contest before us. Of course it cannot be otherwise. We see the need of exertion—strong, unflinching, unintermittent exertion. And we would have whigs every where see and feel it too; and while we would have them guard against any transitory or vague and shadowy feeling of apprehension or discouragement, we would have them equally guard against all suspiciousness or neglect of the means to insure success. We feel and know that the whigs can succeed in electing General Scott if they but do their duty. We have a combination of effective elements in our favor in this canvass that we never had before. And in the agencies of success our opponents were far weaker than they now are both in 1840 and 1848; for in the elections of each of these years the whole force of Loco-Focoism was concentrated in the National Administration and brought to bear on the elections—an immense advantage they do not now possess. In our well considered judgment, therefore, the whigs have only in this canvass, to "Stand Firm" and to "Work" to secure the triumphant election of General Scott. We have the strongest confidence that they will do both.

KIRKSVILLE.—The Whig meeting which was advertised to be held at Kirksville on the 9th inst., was held, and was one of the most soul-stirring and enthusiastic we ever had the good fortune to attend. It was a general time of rejoicing. Col. HALL ANDERSON of Garrard, Maj. R. RUSYON, Capt. HENRY ALLISON and R. H. JOHNSON, of Richmond, made speeches.

Read the advertisements of J. W. Cochran and Henry Bell. They are both old and well established firms in Lexington and do things about right. Call and see.

One of the hottest democrats made an assertion, while making a speech at Foxtown, in this county, on Tuesday last, which was denied by a whig who was present. The democrat said if he did not prove it he would vote for Scott. The assertion was this: "that the whigs passed a United States Bank Bill in 1840." Of course the good speaker will have to crawl-fish for vote for the patriot chieftain Winfield Scott. Stand up to the rack Jimmy.

KENTUCKIANS IN CALIFORNIA.—A party of thirty-five Kentuckians residents of Clarke and Madison county, arrived in Sacramento, California, on Sept. 1st, having left Independence on May 1st. They started with seven wagons and thirty mules, all of which was brought through in good order. There was considerable cholera prevailing among the trains, but they suffered no loss by this disease. A daughter of Dr. Cooper, who was one of the party was buried at Fort Kearny. The following is the list of persons composing the company.

From Madison county, Kentucky—Edward Tiley, Harrison Helfenstein and family, J. P. Helfenstein and family, O. F. McIntosh and family, J. W. Payden and family. From Clarke co.—J. W. McIntosh, Mrs. A. H. Cooper and family, and Mrs. Fugett, from Missouri, also accompanied this train.

We are informed by the best authority, that there is an old democrat, one of the "oldest inhabitants" in this county, who has never voted a whig ticket in his life, who openly, determinedly and candidly declares, that if he lives to get to the polls, he will vote for the patriot chieftain Winfield Scott. The reason he assigns is, that he was with the old hero at Queenstown Heights and Chippewa. He says "he'll do to bet on and he will vote for him or die." Thank fortune the country is full of just such men and they are all going for Scott and Graham.

AN AFFRAY.—Quite a serious affray occurred at the muster, in this county, on Monday last. The particulars we have not learned. We understand that Mr. J. Mash and Mr. Ed. Oldham got into a difficulty, and the former cut severely the throat of the latter. A third person whose name we did not learn, attempted to separate them when he was cut across the breast. It is thought that both of the wounded will recover.

Mr. Mash had his trial on Wednesday last and was acquitted.

All the news we have received from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana is whiggish. Next week we shall give the full returns.

Last week the compositor, in an article in reference to the Congressional nomination in the Louisville District, made us say Breckinridge of Lexington instead of Louisville. The error was not ours, but was overlooked in the proof.

We would call attention to the card of Mr. Robt. J. Brotherton. Any work entrusted to him will be done on the shortest notice and in the best style.

The New York Tribune, in an article on "Our Candidate," (General Scott,) says: "Aside from every other distinction, Gen. Scott is a model citizen. No charge of vice, or extravagance, of discreditable indulgence, of sordid aims, of mercenary motives, can be brought against him. Simply as a man, General Scott stands before the world unimpeached and unimpeachable. He has passed through a thousand scenes of temptation in his public career; he has enjoyed opportunities to amass the wealth of a potentate; yet he is to-day a man without spot or blemish; and though always living a frugal life, yet he is wholly without fortune. Of the millions that have passed through his hands, and of the millions he might have clutched had he stooped to it, not a dollar has stuck to his palm."

PUBLIC SPEAKING.—We are authorized to say that Hon. J. A. Moore, of Mt. Vernon, will address the people of Owsley county and such others as may attend, at Booneville, on Wednesday the 20th inst., upon the subject of the relative fitness for and comparative claims of Gen. Winfield Scott and FRANKLIN PIERCE, to the Presidency of the United States. And moreover, he expects to address the people at various times and places between this and the 24th of November next, and on the 4th March succeeding congratulatory of the election of Winfield Scott to the Presidency of this blessed Union.

THAT BOQUET.—Will the donor of that most beautiful and nicely arranged bouquet, which was left upon our table on Wednesday morning last, accept our grateful acknowledgments? We shall fondly cherish the kind offering, and although the beautiful flowers are beginning to fade.

Yet still around it lingers
A charm like beauties spell,
Which tells of fairy fingers
That plucked them in the dell.

MURDER OF AN INDIAN AGENT.—The following dispatch was received by telegraph at St. Louis from St. Joseph: "Major Norwood, Indian agent, was killed on the 20th of September, at Sargent's Bluffs, by a man named Thompson."

Maj. Norwood was an Indian agent for the Sioux, and had a subordinate general supervision of all the Indians on the Upper Missouri river. He was from Waynesville, N. C., where his family resides.

James H. Embry will speak at David Vincent's on Monday next and at Texas on Thursday next.
Hon. E. A. Hannegan who killed his brother-in-law, in a drunken brawl, is now cleared from all legal proceedings. The grand jury did not find an indictment.

Still they come—Another Democrat for Scott.

Mr. John Ellsberry, of Clarke county who has been a Democrat for many years has voted for Jackson, Van Buren, Polk and Cass, writes to the Lexington Observer & Reporter, declaring his determination to support Gen. Scott. He says:

"I voted for Gen. Jackson all the time. I voted twice for that arch-magician, Martin Van Buren, who in 1848, defeated that noble statesman and patriot, Gen. Cass, by running a separate ticket of the Free Soil and Abolitionist stripe. Now, Democrats of the South, there is little Matty with his son John, and all or nearly all of the Abolitionist host? Check by jole, with Franklin O. Pierce, a man, I declare to you, I never heard of until after his nomination at Baltimore, notwithstanding I have been a constant reader of the public journals for a great many years, and had he done any great act, I am of the impression I should have heard of it."

"Mr. Editor, I voted in '44 for Mr. Polk against Mr. Clay, the greatest statesman that ever lived. In '48 I voted for Gen. Cass a statesman that is known throughout the world. And I am now asked to vote for F. Pierce, a man unknown to fame, unless the fainting fits gave him fame. Now, I won't do it, that is certain. I'll wait first—I will, if I live to get to the polls, cast my vote for Gen. Winfield Scott, the greatest hero that lives, and so will many other Democrats of this county."

"There are some who profess to believe that Gen. Scott is an Abolitionist. There might be some plausibility in the belief, if his letter of acceptance of his nomination by the Baltimore Convention did not give the lie to it; and, furthermore, if the Van Burens, and the whole host of Free Soilers and Abolitionists were found compassing land and sea in his behalf, as they are for F. O. Pierce. Red rags catch gulls—as far as I am concerned, I am determined not to be caught this time. I can't go it for 'John Price' the distinguished statesman and hero, as the Indiana editor said; if I do, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning."

OUR FOR SCOTT.—The Georgia Citizen says that Judge Charles Dougherty, Col. Wm. Dougherty, and Hon. James Johnson, of that State, have declared in favor of Gen. Scott. Judge Dougherty was a prominent and leading Southern Rights Whig last year. Mr. Johnson is the member of Congress from the second Congressional district in Georgia, elected last year as a Union Democrat, but he cannot go Pierce, and as the contest is between Pierce and Scott, he does not now, in choosing between them hesitate to decide in favor of the glorious old hero of Lunenburg Lane. Mr. Johnson was one of the signers of the card gotten up by Toombs, Stephens and others, and being fully satisfied that the objections urged against Scott in that document were without foundation, he has the honesty to say so, and to publish and announce his determination to stand by the PATRIOTIC CHIEFTAIN.

CUBA AGAIN.—A Washington letter of a late date says the advances from Cuba are of serious import. They show that the population, both the slave population and the creole population, is in a feverish condition, and that a servile or a civil war—or both—might at any moment break out. The Cuban authorities have very foolishly and presumptuously, brought their port regulations into conflict with the commercial and navigatory interests of the United States. These regulations create personal irritation, and also may pinch hard upon our commercial interests. These are the points, where, as it was supposed long ago, a collision might ultimately be brought about between the Spanish authorities and the United States.

Mr. Grund, the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, who is a warm and zealous Democrat, in a late letter says: "The committee which has examined into the participation of Mr. Corwin in the Gardner claim will, I understand from a most reliable source, acquit the Secretary of any intentional wrong in the premises. Mr. Corwin has merely acted as counsel, and in a manner perfectly unexceptionable in every respect. All sensible and impartial men have long ago absolved Mr. Corwin from suspicion of a disreputable connection with that business."

MORE BOLTERS.—We learn from the Cadiz (Ohio) Republican that Hon. Samuel Peppard, State Senator from that district, and Lewis Lewton, Esq., and Doctor Thomas, prominent members of the Democratic party, have bolted the nomination of Franklin Pierce, because they consider him wholly unfit to fill the important position for which he has been nominated.

DEATH OF HON. JAS. C. SPRIGG.—The Shelby News of Wednesday, announces the death of Hon. Jas. C. Sprigg, in that place on the 4th inst. He was a native of Cumberland, Md., but had been a citizen of Shelbyville for many years. He several times represented Shelby county in the State Legislature, and was elected to Congress from that district some years ago.

HEALTH OF HON. ARCHIBALD DIXON.—Capt. Holcroft, of the steamer Fawn, has informed the editor of the Louisville Courier, that on Sunday morning last (3d inst.) Mr. Dixon was slowly moving, and that he was considered by his physicians as out of danger.

GEN. PIERCE'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS MILITARY LIFE IN MEXICO. SHOWING BY HIS OWN HAND THAT HE WAS NOT IN ANY ONE OF THE GREAT BATTLES OF MEXICO.—The approach of the American Army to the city of Mexico, after General Pierce joined General Scott, was contested in four great battles, viz: Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, in each of which every General in the valley bore a distinguished part, except General Pierce. He was not in any one of the battles. He shall tell his own tale of his campaigns, and his admirers can surely believe his official reports, transmitted to Congress by the President, James K. Polk. Now hear Brigadier General Pierce. We begin at Perote.

August 1st, 1847, Gen. Pierce writes to Gen. Scott: "Although we had been attracted five times, I have encountered nothing that can be construed into serious resistance." Appendix to Executive documents, No. 1, for 1847—page 25.

CONTRERAS, fought at day-break, August 20. "At one o'clock the following morning (the 20th) Gen. Twigg, with Capt. Lee of the Engineer corps, whose distinguished services on both days will not, I am sure, be overlooked, came to my bivouac with orders from General-in-Chief to assemble all the forces in my immediate neighborhood, and occupy a position in order to create a diversion in favor of the Brigadier General Smith, who was to storm the enemy's works at dawn of day. Being myself unable to keep my saddle or to walk, in consequence of a severe injury from the fall of my horse the day before (the 19th,) the command of this force devolved upon Col. Ransom, of the 9th Infantry." Gen. Pierce's official letter, Ex. doc., No. 1, Appendix, page 105.

CHURUBUSCO, fought on the 20th of August. "It was my misfortune, as I before stated, to receive a serious injury from the fall of my horse on the afternoon of the 19th. This accident rendered me unable to struggle with the difficulties of the ground, over which we were obliged to pass on the evening of the last day, and in the effort to do so I fell (faint from exhaustion and pain) a few yards from the severest fire of the enemy's line." Gen. Pierce's official report—Appendix to Exec. doc., No. 1, p. 106.

ANARISTICO was now agreed upon, which continued from August 22 to September 7.

MOLINO DEL REY, September 8. Gen. Pierce does not mention, in his official report, the name of Gen. Pierce. Gen. Scott, in his official report of the battle says: "The battle was won just as Brigadier General Pierce reached the ground. Exec. doc., No. 1, p. 356."

CHAPULTEPEC, September 13. Gen. Pierce's brigade was ordered, on the 12th, "to take a position to the left of Tacubaya, as a reserve force to our heavy batteries." Gen. Pierce says: "This position, taken without opposition, was maintained until dark, without any other change than showing front to the left in the course of the day, in order to oppose a strong body of cavalry and infantry, which, for a time, threatened that flank. As soon as it became sufficiently dark to conceal the manoeuvre, the brigade was directed by the general commanding the division to move silently under cover of a long range of buildings, known as the Molino del Rey, which place is immediately under the guns of Chapultepec. Previous to this moment, however, I was compelled to leave the field in consequence of severe indisposition, which confined me to my BED during the 13th (the day of the battle of Chapultepec), and of course deprived me of the satisfaction of participating with my brigade in the glorious achievements of that day."

"At 4 o'clock, on the morning of the 14th (the day after the battle), I rejoined that portion of my brigade, then acting under the orders of Maj. Gen. Quitman, &c. In that position I remained until the news of the surrender of the city was communicated to Gen. Quitman, &c."

Effect of General Pierce's sickness on his staff, and a striking contrast between a Brigadier General, and his Assistant Adjutant General, taken down by the same hand.

Continuation of Chapultepec. "The General commanding the division is aware that the arrangements of the morning of the 13th, in consequence of my illness, necessarily put my staff out of position, there being no brigade commander. Under these circumstances, my Chief of Staff, Capt. O. F. Winslow, Assistant Adjutant General, although his own health then, and for several preceding days, scarcely warranted him in leaving his bed, remained upon the field during the entire conflict."—Gen. Pierce's official report, Executive documents, No. 1, appendix, p. 197, 198. Such is Gen. Pierce's own report of his marvellous feats in the Valley of Mexico. We have given the record, from Perote, up to the surrender of the city, in General Pierce's official language. His admirers must not be angry with us; let them rather be mad at General Pierce for writing such annals about himself, or at President Polk for sending them to Congress.

Against these impregnable documents furnished by Gen. Pierce himself, it is futile for even "the conquerors of Mexico" to array themselves.

Correct life of Gen. Pierce last.

Some time since we noticed what purported to be a life of Gen. Franklin Pierce, by D. W. Barlett, but which in reality was only a life of his father and mother, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, and consists to the 14th remove. At a later period a romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne, entitled a life of Pierce, made its appearance, and is now undergoing the criticisms of the press. As a work of imagination, and viewed as a mere literary production, it is entitled to some respect. But as a book of veritable history, it has the same claims upon our belief as the Arabian Nights, Entertainment, Robinson Crusoe, and Cervantes' immortal fiction. We are happy to inform the followers of the great Pierce, that a life has been published upon which they may rely with implicit faith; and for the love we bear the faithful, we will republish the work entire—title page, dedication, preface, introduction and all. Here it is:

LIFE AND SERVICES OF
GENERAL PIERCE.
Respectfully dedicated to General Lewis Cass, by the Concord Gazette.

1852.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1852,
BY GENERAL CASS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States.

PREFACE.
The neglect of his friends has induced the author to write this true life of General Pierce.

INTRODUCTION.
We esteem it a sacred and patriotic duty to present to the electors of the United States, a memoir of this brave, gallant, great and good man.

Concord, N. H. PETER SYKES.

Franky Pierce is supposed to be the son of his father, and was born somewhere in New Hampshire, or the surrounding country, about the year of our Lord 1788.

In December, A. D. 1827, when he was but 39 years old, he spelled the word "but" for his papa.

In December, 1836, he was elected to Congress, where he, in the following year, displayed great energy of character by voting against the right of petition.

In the same year with an eye single to the glory of his country, and the especial good of the West, he nobly and patriotically voted and spoke against River and Harbor improvements and Light Houses, and sometime after against an appropriation to the wife of Gen. Harrison, and pensions to the widows of old soldiers.

About "these days" he was promoted to the Senate, where he didn't say much but voted "No," and kept a d—l of a thinking, and in 1842, at the earnest solicitation of his wife, who thought he was out too much of nights, he resigned his seat in the Senate, and returned in peace and safety to his home.

Soon after his return to his native State he gave a boy a cent to buy a stick of candy, which his admirers say was given with a cheerful and willing heart.

The next important event in his career, that has been handed down to the present day was the presentation of 25 cents to a Sabbath-school library.

In 1847, Mr. Polk appointed him one of the generals. He immediately started for Mexico, and upon arriving on the field of action distinguished himself by falling from his horse before the battle of Contreras, by fainting away before the battle of Churubusco, and by getting sick and going to bed before the battle of Molino del Rey.

On the 27th of October, he bravely and successfully marched into Mexico, after it had surrendered to Gen. Scott.

In December following he got his face "slapped" by Capt. Magruder at a card table, which he submitted to with heroic fortitude and Christian meekness, and the next day started for home, a feat that he performed with his usual promptness and success.

In 1850, he signaled his love of religious and political freedom, by making a speech against the religious test, after the question had been settled, and permitting his party to give a large majority for retaining it in the constitution of his native State.

In 1852, he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for President, the news of which event strengthened his "religious feelings."

Note:—The author will pay \$100 if any error can be found in the above life of Franky Pierce.

Tuesday, November 2, 1852.
Thus ends the only correct and reliable life of the Democratic candidate for President; it has evidently been prepared with great care, and with a strict regard to the "truth of history." The book is neatly printed, and is for sale by Gen. Cass, the general agent for Michigan.

WHIG REVIVAL IN FRANKFORT.—We have been doing very well in Frankfort during the whole canvass, but we are doing better than well of late. At the last two meetings of our Chippewa Club—both held within a week—there have been eighty to ninety new names added to the list of members, and among them a goodly sprinkling of Democrats! So we go. The Scott fires grow brighter every night. The Scott tide in Kentucky sets stronger and stronger every day. And we tell our friends abroad to look out for Kentucky with a majority of ten or fifteen thousand votes for Scott and Graham. Frankfort Com. Stn.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE ABOLITIONISTS IN FAVOR OF PIERCE.—MEN OF THE SOUTH, ATTENTION!—Our readers may remember that we published a few weeks ago a remarkable speech delivered by Col. Watson G. Haynes, of New York, in the Free Soil National Convention at Pittsburg, invoking the members of that Convention to nominate Gen. Pierce for the Presidency on the ground that all the Abolition leaders in New York who thoroughly understood Pierce's views were in favor of him, and on the ground that he was the uncompromising foe of the institution of Slavery and of the Roman Catholic religion. Some of the Democratic papers of the South affected at the time to believe that Col. Haynes made his speech with the secret design of injuring Gen. Pierce, but newspapers in New York bore testimony that he was a genuine Loco-foco, warmly enlisted in Pierce's support.

It now appears that the Pierce men of Orange county, New York, were so much delighted with Col. Haynes's Pittsburg speech in favor of their nominee, that they recently invited him to address a public meeting in their own county. We copy the following brief account of the invitation and the speech from the Frankfort Commonwealth as we have not room for the whole speech or for further particulars. Every man of the committee of arrangements, that invited Col. Haynes to speak at Fort Montgomery, is a violent Democrat and supporter of Pierce, and the meeting which Col. Haynes addressed was exclusively a Democrat meeting.

Now read this, all ye Southern Pierce men, read it, all ye Roman Catholic Pierce men, and see with what kind of allies you are cooperating for the election of that New Hampshire Yankee.

On Saturday, the 25th of September (as we learn by the correspondence of the New York Express), there was a Democrat meeting held at Fort Montgomery, Orange county, New York, pursuant to the following call issued a week before:

"The undersigned having read the speech delivered by Col. Watson G. Haynes, at the National Convention of the Free Democracy, recently held at Pittsburg, Pa., and approving of the sentiments contained therein, respectfully request that Col. Haynes will address the Democratic inhabitants of this vicinity in behalf of Frank Pierce, as the Democratic Anti-Slavery, Anti-Popery candidate for the Presidency of the United States, on Saturday, Sept. 25th, 1852, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Committee of Arrangements:
Wm. R. Brooks, Nathaniel Brooks,
Abraham Faurot, John Ramsey,
John Brooks, Chas. C. T. Kniffin,
Henry Stierse, Wm. Rhoads,
Cornelius G. Wood, Saml W. Hild,
W. B. Lovelace, Isaac Garrison,
Nathaniel S. Clark, J. L. Post,
Chauncey Lamoureux, John H. Garrison,
John Brown, Nelson Cooper,
Griffin W. Owen."

This Col. Haynes is the same man who was a member of the Free Soil Convention lately held in Pittsburg, and who there made a speech urging all the Free-soilers to support Gen. Pierce.

Col. Haynes addressed the meeting assembled under the above call. We have room to-day only for a few extracts from his speech. We quote as follows:

"We differ with Gen. Scott and his party on important principles. In the first place, he was born and educated in the South, in the atmosphere of slavery. Neither has he at any time expressed himself directly or indirectly opposed to the institution of slavery; pending the passage of the fugitive slave law, he was acting as Secretary of War and gave his influence in favor of that most infamous measure. It must also be fresh in the memories of the most of you, that he cooperated with the exploded Union safety committee.

"I now turn to Gen. Pierce, your candidate and mine, and take a look at his principles. He was born and reared in a free State, and educated in the true doctrines of freedom; neither was he ever fuddled nor nursed by a slave woman. Deeply imbued with the principles of liberty, he has boldly and emphatically said, that he 'abhorred and loathed slavery.' When the Southern Rights party interrogated both the Presidential candidates, Gen. Scott replied, but Gen. Pierce treated them with silent contempt. Franklin Pierce has the honor of belonging to a State which can boast of having sent to the United States Senate that indomitable champion of human rights, John P. Hale.

"In reply to a person who asked the speaker whether he was in favor of the Baltimore platform, he said: I execute that platform; platform do not amount to anything, and I can tell you, sir, that if you live two years from this time you will find the truth of what I say. Do you suppose, said he, that I would vote for any man likely to carry out the principles of that platform? Franklin Pierce will not carry out those principles. Will those I now address carry out those principles? Will the Northern Democracy execute the fugitive slave law? (Cries of never! never!) Will you vote for a man in favor of that measure? (No! no!) Do you wish to have that law repealed? (Yes, yes.) The speaker here gave an elaborate description of the horrors of slavery, and worked considerably on the imaginations of his hearers. (A Whig now demanded leave to refute some arguments of the speaker, but was ruled 'out of order.') Gentlemen, the only hope of the Democracy to repeal the fugitive slave law, and to effect the overthrow of slavery in all parts of the Union is to elevate Franky Pierce to the Presidential chair. By this elevation this Democratic party becomes ascendant; and no more vessels laden with slave-cut wood shall glide up the Hudson to the detriment of your labor and mine. (He now read over a long list of Free-soilers pledged to the support of Franklin Pierce, on Free-soil grounds.) It is our duty, and the duty of the party, to rally to the support of our candidate. It is only by gaining the control of the offices that we can ever hope to effect a repeal of the fugitive slave law."

The meeting then adopted the following resolution unanimously:
1. Resolved, That as Gen. Scott is, by birth and education, a Southerner, and a Whig, no Democrat ought to vote for him.

4. Resolved, That the only hope of the Northern Democracy is to follow the noble example of Martin Van Buren, John Van Buren, B. F. Butler, B. Stanton, Gilbert Deane, and Watson G. Haynes and thousands of other Free-soilers, and support Franklin Pierce, as the surest means of effecting a repeal of the fugitive slave law by giving a Northern man the control of the important offices of the Government.

We have no room for any more extracts. The part of the speech which we have omitted is occupied in denouncing Gen. Scott for being favorable to the Catholics, internal improvements, &c.

Now we ask Kentucky Democrats to look at this speech and these resolutions. See upon what grounds your candidate is supported by the Abolitionists and Free-soilers. Reflect upon the fact that almost every prominent Free-soiler, of Democratic tendencies, is actively engaged in the canvass for Gen. Pierce. That on the other hand very few Free-soilers are in favor of Gen. Scott, and none of those who are pretend to expect any anti-slavery advantage from his election, or place their support of him upon any such grounds as these. That even Mr. Seward, about whom Democratic editors in Kentucky talk so much, is taking no part in the contest—that he has not made a single speech in favor of Gen. Scott—that he has openly declared that he would not accept office under him—and that when the contest is waxing hottest he has actually withdrawn from the country, and gone on a pleasure trip to Europe! Consider these things, and see if there is not good reason to believe that these Free-soilers who support Pierce understand him better than you do, and also ground for strong suspicion that he has given them to understand that their support shall not go unrewarded in case of his election. Ponder these things like sensible men.

Letter from an old Soldier.
The following letter is from a gallant officer who fought in every battle in the valley of Mexico, and was several times wounded:

SENIORVILLE, Friday, Aug. 6, 1852.
TO THE EDITOR: I learn by the newspapers that some man in "Little Kentucky" has become very angry at me because I, a Democrat, should support my old commander, General Scott. I had supposed this was a free country, and a man had a right to vote for whom he pleased. The writer of that article says that I am a convert. In that you are correct; I was a Democrat, and at first felt like supporting Pierce; but when I remembered the trials and dangers I had gone through with while under Scott, I did not feel that I could do my feelings justice and vote against him.

When I thought of the long and toilsome march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, when we were fifty days in the heart of an enemy's country, cut off from all supplies, as well as from all communication with our own country and friends, surrounded by guerrillas on every side; and when you heard of us again we had planted the star-spangled banner upon the walls of the Montezuma, and it was still floating triumphantly in the breeze over as brave an army and as noble commander as ever went forth to battle; and when I heard my brave old commander abused, I could stand it no longer. Well do I remember with what kindness he visited the sick and wounded in that campaign, and how he administered to their wants day after day. I tell you, Mr. Editor, the officers and soldiers under his command loved him. You, my brother soldiers, remember how he visited the Hospitals in the City of Mexico, and how he administered to the wants of the sick—furnishing each man with a shirt, a blanket, a pair of shoes, and one dollar's worth of tobacco; and I for one drew all these comforts, and a knapsack also, as did all others who lost theirs in battle. But now I am to be abused because I choose to vote for my kind, generous, noble, and brave old commander; and that, too, by a man who fires from behind a masked battery and won't sign his name.

I venture the man that has written against me, and who is trying to tear down Scott, never slept on a wet blanket; never stood sentry at night for his country; was never put on half rations and hard crackers, and was never compelled to drink out of a canteen, or to work off a dose of physic. But if I am not mistaken, in November next we will give you a hasty plate of Scott soup, that you will find warm enough for your comfort, and the water of it shall be real Niagara water.

But I said the soldiers under Scott's command loved him. You, brother soldiers, remember when he was arrested; you remember the morning he left the army for the United States, and what was done that day; yes, every regiment marched round his quarters, clad with a badge of mourning, in order to show how they honored and loved him. You know we had orders not to cheer; but one of the volunteer Companies was obliged to cheer and break the solemn silence, and cheer they did. This was a Company of sharpshooters, who, as part at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, and who did so much of the guerrilla fighting on the road to the valley of Mexico. They were a noble set of fellows, and they did their duty to a man. You all remember how slow and sluggishly we marched up the hill that brought us in view of the capital, before the battle of Contreras, and on arriving at the top of it, there was our old Commander looking through his spy-glass, and crying out to us as we passed him: "Boys, look! My fellow-soldiers, how did you feel in that hour? Didn't you feel new life take hold of your weary, toil-worn limbs; and were we not led on from victory to victory, until Scott was arrested and torn away from his noble army by his own Government? But, by the blessing of God, we will try and do it again in November, and whenever Scott leads, victory is sure. Newspapers may talk about Sevier's company, I tell you, and all that falling off five hundred votes, and all that kinder stuff, but with old Scott that kinder stuff, but with old Scott as our leader, she will roll up the largest Whig vote ever given here.

And now, fellow-soldiers, let's give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, for our brave old Chieftain, together, for our brave old Chieftain, together, for our brave old Chieftain. "Eyes right." Forward, boys! J. W. SHIELDS.

